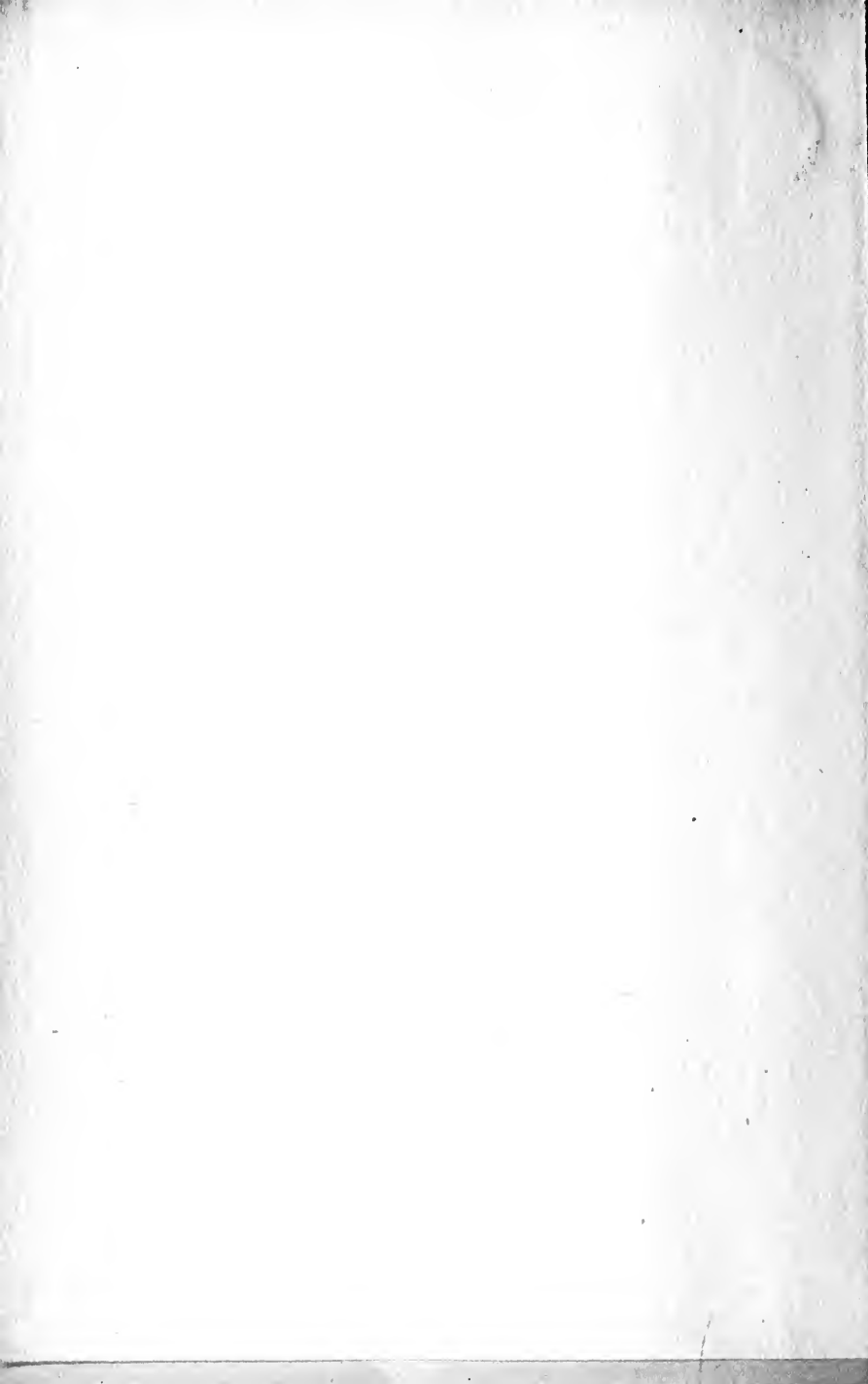




ICARIAN FLIGHTS



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INSCRIBED
TO
ARTHUR O. PRICKARD
FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD
IN GRATEFUL MEMORY
OF MUCH MOST VALUABLE SUGGESTION
AND GOOD COUNSEL

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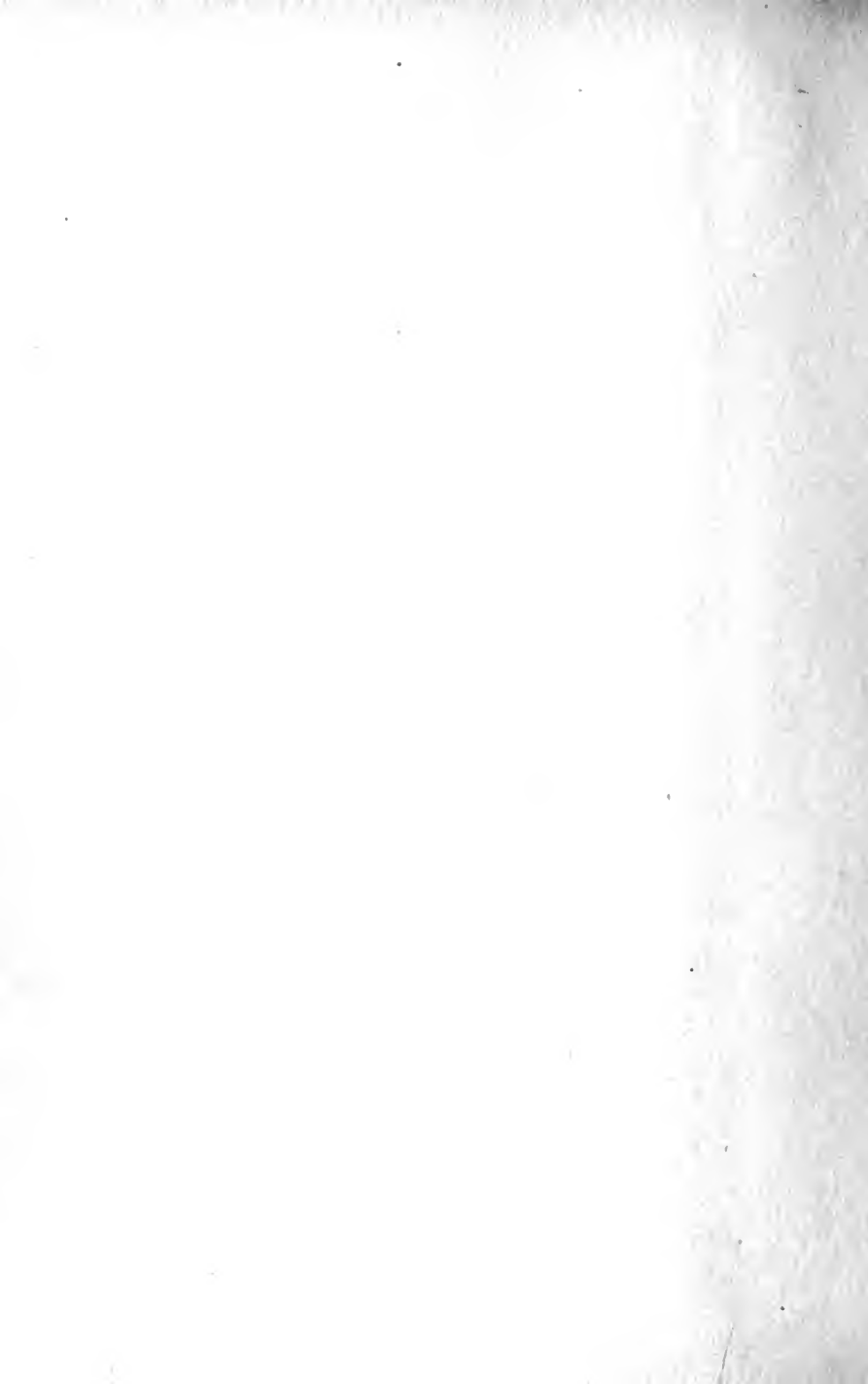
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ICARIAN FLIGHTS



ICARIAN FLIGHTS

ODE I. i.

TO MÆCENAS

MÆCENAS, sprung from kings of old,
Whom for my shield and star I hold,
The charioteers will gladly boast
How, 'mid Olympic dust uptost,
With scorching wheels they clear the post,
While, if the famous prize they win,
They rule the world, to gods akin.
Then here is one is chiefly proud
To sway the fickle Roman crowd,
Beneath their triple honours bow'd.
Another shuts his granary doors
With joy upon whatever stores
Were swept from Libya's threshing-floors.
This one, who ploughs his father's land,
Against an Attalic bribe will stand

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Ere he, a fearful sailor, braves
In Cyprian bark Myrtoan waves.
Now take the merchant—if he knows
That on the Icarian shore there blows
The south-west wind, then will he frown
And think upon his country town
With its delights of wood and down ;
His shattered ships he will repair,
Since poverty he cannot bear.
Some love a mellowed Massic wine,
And snatch at moments to recline
'Neath the green arbutus, or dream
By the sweet spring of a sacred stream.
Camp life by many is preferr'd,
With clarion calls through trumpets heard,
And war, that mother-hated word.
The hunter waits in cold intense,
Neglectful of his bride's suspense ;
His faithful hounds a stag can see,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Or Marsian boar from nets breaks free.

But me the learned brow's appointed bays
Unto the fellowship of gods upraise,
Me the cool grove, where nymphs with satyrs
dance,

Will keep secure from any mob's advance,
So that Euterpe cherish still her flute,
Nor Polyhymnia unstring her lute,
While, if the rank of lyric bard I am given,
My head will wax until it strikes high heaven.

W. H. P.

L. 1. The *gens Cūlnia*, to which Mæcenas belonged, traced its descent to the Lucumones, whom Horace could fairly call *reges* from their position as *duces* in Etruria. Descent from them corresponded roughly to the English "came over with the Conqueror." The mother of Mæcenas was also of Etrurian descent.

L. 10. *Honor* was the term applied to an office of State, bestowed on a Roman citizen by the votes of his fellow-citizens in recognition of good service done to the State by him.

L. 15. Attalus III., as King of Pergamum, left all he had to the Romans by his will, B.C. 133. His brother Aristonicus claimed the crown, but, after a struggle of war, was defeated by the Romans and executed in Rome B.C. 129.

ODE I. v.

ONCE BITTEN

PYRRHA, what slim young lad, in perfume bathed,
 Woos thee on roses in some shady grot ?
For whom with careful carelessness is swathed
 Thy yellow hair beneath the fillet's knot ?

Thou art his golden dream, unmarred by fear
 Lest in thine heart his throne he fail to keep ;
Alas, unwarned how many times may veer
 The fickle breeze, how often shall he weep

False faith and altered fortune, and shall stare
 With unaccustomed eyes on surges blown
By the black wind ! Unhappily they fare
 Who seek thy brilliance ere thy flame is known.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

But as for me, behold the neighbouring shrine,

Where, on the mural tablet, I record

How there I hung my garments, drenched with brine

And dedicate to ocean's mighty lord.

F. C.

ODE I. vii.

TO PLANCUS

LET others praise illustrious Rhodes, or Mitylene's
town,
Or Ephesus, or Corinth's walls, that on two seas look
down,
Or Thebes or Delphi let them praise, both cities of
renown,
For one to Bacchus owes her fame,
The other to Apollo's name ;
And some Thessalian Tempe love, and some again
admire
The place that virgin Pallas owns, nor ever do they tire
To sing of it, their only task, in never-ending choir,
The while with wreaths of olive, bound
On every side, their brows are bound ;

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

And many, honouring Juno, sing of Argos' praise
as well,

The breeder of fine horses ; or of rich Mycenæ tell ;
But of hardy Lacedæmon 'tis not mine to feel the
spell,

And fat Larissa's plain does not,
Like echoing Albunea's grot,

Move me, nor like the rushing stream of Anio, or the
grove

And orchards of Tiburnus, where the wandering rillets
rove.

As Notus oft doth chase the clouds, and send them
in a drove

Out of the darkened skies again,

No father he of constant rain,

So, Plancus, heed to end life's tears and toils with
mellow wine,

Whether the camp detain thee, where the battle
standards shine,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Or the dense shades of Tibur, thy own Tibur, round
thee twine.

When from his father Teucer fled,

Banished from Salamis, 'tis said

His brows, Lyæus-flushed, with wreath of poplar
leaves he crowned,

And "Comrades and companions" cried to sorrow-
ing friends around,

"In Fortune, kinder than my sire, our guidance shall
be found ;

Let none despair, if Teucer lead ;

All 'neath his auspice will succeed.

Apollo's certain promise stands of another realm, and
there

A second Salamis; ye brave, who have often had to bear
With me far worse misfortune, now with wine cast
out your care !

To-morrow we will take again

Our way across the mighty main."

F. C.

ODE I. ix.

TO THALIARCHUS

SEE, deep in glistening snow Soracte stands ;

No more the straining woods their load uphold,

The streams are frozen with the piercing cold ;

Pile on the hearth the chill-dispersing brands,

Pour out the Sabine wine, four winters old.

Leave to the gods all else ; when they allay

The winds that battle on the seething seas,

The ancient ashes and the cypress-trees

Will shake no longer ; count as gain each day

That Fortune grants ; but never think to tease

Its secret from to-morrow. Now, ere yet

Morose old age thy bloom of beauty stain,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Sweet love and dances thou must not disdain,
Nor shun the places where most oft are met
Whispers of tenderness, when night again

Brings back the trysting hour, and laughs betray
The merry maid in some far corner hid,
Whose ring or bracelet has been snatched, in play
Which she invites, while feigning to forbid.

F. C.

L. 9. *Count as gain, etc.* The order of the words in the Latin has been inverted in the English. This has also been done in other instances, the reason being that the English fell more naturally into that sequence, while the meaning of the Latin text was accurately preserved.

The irregularity of metre at the end of the English version has also been repeated in other places, although Horace is invariably regular. To adhere to a strict metre must often result either in an undesirable compression, or an equally undesirable extension of the original; a slight licence in metre is better than a contraction or a diffuseness in language.

ODE I. xiii.

LOVE'S PITY

WHEN thou art praising Telephus—the rose
That tints his neck—his arms, how waxen-white—
Lydia, my indignation overflows,
And rages on, in discipline's despite ;

The colour leaves my face, my senses reel,
And down my cheek slow creep the furtive tears,
Sure proof how deeply in my heart I feel
The flame that yet consumes me not, but sears :

I burn, when, riotously thrown, the wine
Stains and defiles thy shoulders' pearly sheen,
Or when upon thy lips the tell-tale sign
Of thy mad lover's violence is seen.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

I warn thee constancy thou'lt hope in vain
To find in one so barbarously rude
To that sweet mouth, whose lips, for kisses fain,
Venus' ethereal nectar has imbued.

More than thrice happy those, a thousandfold,
Whom no misunderstandings e'er dismay,
Whose bonds of union still unbroken hold
Until the parting of the final day.

F. C.

L. 16. The significance of *quintâ parte* is probably to be found in the ancient idea that besides the four terrestrial elements there was a celestial one, which permeated all things.

ODE I. xvi.

A RECANTATION

O DAUGHTER, fairer than your mother fair,
To judge these curst iambics yours may't be ;
Commit them to the flames to perish there
At your sweet will, or to the Hadrian sea.

Cybele, the Pytho-haunter when he greets
His priests in secret places of the fane,
The Corybants with doubled cymbals' beats—
Not these, nor Liber's self, so shake the brain,

As smouldering wrath, which Noric falchion's flash
Cannot deter, nor seas on shipwreck bent,
Nor the fierce flames, nor Jupiter with crash
From heaven to earth in terrible descent.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

'Tis fabled that Prometheus, forced to acquire
Materials new by universal quest,
Straight from a raving lion took his ire
And planted it within the human breast.

Of wrath was born Thyestes' heavy fate,
Through wrath tall cities topple to their
fall,
And the exulting foe drives furrows straight
Where erst there towered a forbidding wall.

Abate your rage, me too did heat of heart,
In youth's dear day, to swift iambs drive ;
Now from all things of gloom I seek to part,
With all that jocund is and mild to live.

A suit for your forgiveness thus I bring,
Be friends again and make an end of
strife ;

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Hear me once more my recantation sing,

And for a token give me back my life.

W. H. P.

L. 9. A blade of Noric steel corresponded to the Toledo blade of modern Europe. *Cf.* Othello's "sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper."

At least one notable commentator was exercised in his mind as to whether the iambics were really written or were imaginary. Most readers will perhaps be content with the obvious fact that the beginning of the Ode refers to some conversation or correspondence to which we have no farther clue.

ODE I. xvii.

INVITATION TO TYNDARIS

FAUNUS oft changes, in his journeys fleet,
Lycæus for the fair Lucretilis,
And from my goats wards off the fiery heat
And rain-fraught breezes, as his custom is.
The consorts of the rank he-goat can stray
Safe through the undergrowth, and search un-
harmed
Where arbutus and thyme are hidden away,
Nor by green adders are the kids alarmed,
Nor by the wolf, the beast of Mars, are sought,
When the Ustican vales of sloping ground
And smooth-worn rocks the melody have caught
Of Faunus' pipe and echoed the sweet sound.
The gods protect me, for to them are dear
Both my devotion and my Muse ; and so

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

The rich abundance of the country here

That crowns the fields, for thee shall fully flow.

To this secluded dale thou shalt retire

From the Dog's heat, Penelope to sing,
And sea-bright Circe, on the Teian lyre,
For love of the same hero wearying :

Here shalt thou quaff the innocently mild

Goblets of Lesbian wine, beneath the shade,
Nor shall Thyoneus, Semelian child,
Quarrel with Mars, nor shalt thou be afraid

Of jealous, wanton Cyrus, lest he dare

To lay rude hands on thee (for him no match),
The guiltless mantle from thy shoulders tear,
And from thy locks the clinging garland snatch.

F. C.

L. 25. *Incontinentis*. "Wanton" in the sense of "without control."

ODE I. xvii.

TO TYNDARIS

FROM Lycæus to pleasant Lucretilis moves
Swift Faunus oft-times, and whenever its groves
He seeks, from my kids yet again and again
The heat he wards off or the wind with the rain.

For arbutus seeking or thyme on the way,
The wives of the strong-scented Sultan can stray
Secure through the maze of the woodland, nor
dread
The green-coloured snake with the venomous head.

Nor to kidlings need Martian wolves be a fear
So long as the reed-pipe, my Tyndaris, clear

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Through the valleys is heard, and the glistening
stones

Where nestles Ustica, re-echo its tones.

The gods keep me safe, in their hearts, in their grace

My songs with my piety win me a place ;

Thus the land shall its treasures in plentiful store

At your feet from a horn of benignity pour.

In this low-lying valley the dog-star's hot sting

Shall you surely avoid in the shelter, and sing

To the Teian lute the identical plight

Which Penelope wearied, and Circe the bright.

Here the innocent Lesbian wine shall you drink

In the shade at your ease, nor in fearfulness
shrink

Lest Semele's son should in battlings engage

With Mars, or lest Cyrus the wanton, in rage

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

And in jealousy's heat, that controlment doth lack,
Your unequal defence should with brutal attack
Break down, and with ruffianly handling should
tear
Your innocent gown or the wreath on your hair.

W. H. P.

ODE I. xx.

TO MÆCENAS, WHO HAD PROPOSED
TO VISIT HORACE IN HIS SABINE
FARM

THE country's wine, and that in cups but spare,
Here will you drink. Its Grecian jar I sealed
Myself, while in the theatre the air
Rang with applause that in your honour
pealed,

Dear Knight Mæcenas, till the banks that rise
From your paternal river joined acclaim,
And mocking echo, mimicking the cries,
From the Mount Vatican respoke your
name.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

From Cæcuban, Calenian presses come

The grapes that furnish forth your board with
wines,

My table, set within this Sabine home,

Knows not Falernian nor Formian vines.

W. H. P.

ODE I. xxii.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

Who cleanly lives, from guilt immaculate
No Moorish javelins needs he to provide,
Nor bow, nor quiver, Fuscus, with a weight
Of poisoned arrows heavy at his side,

Whether through Syrtian heats his way shall go,
Or Caucasus' inhospitable chain,
Or regions where, with many-fabled flow,
The waters of Hydaspes wash the plain.

For once when wandering in a Sabine wood,
Where to my Lalage I sang a lay,
Unarmed and past my bounds in careless mood,
A wolf, beholding me, fled swift away,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

A portent such as warlike Daunia ne'er
 'Neath her broad-stretching forest oaks did feed,
Nor Juba's land that arid is and bare,
 That nurse of lions, ever knew to breed.

Place me in fields that unproductive lie,
 Where never tree by summer breeze was fanned,
That side the world where still a clouded sky,
 Dull and malevolent, o'erhangs the land ;

Place me 'neath Phœbus' car too close above,
 And where no builders' craft can ever reach,
Lalage's dulcet laugh I still shall love,
 And evermore shall love her dulcet speech.

W. H. P.

ODE I. xxiv.

LAMENT FOR QUINTILIUS

WHAT stint of grief or limit should there be
For one so dear ? Teach me, Melpomene,
A dirge-like measure, thou to whom the Sire
Gave liquid voice and music of the lyre.

Does then perpetual sleep now heavy lie
Upon Quintilius ? Where shall Modesty,
And Honour (sister, whom no bribe can bind,
Of Justice) and bare Truth his equal find ?

Many a good man mourns him ; but none more,
Virgil, than thou ; who vainly dost implore
The gods to give him back ; yet no consent
Thy piety obtains ; he was but lent.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

If thou the lute more tunefully hadst played
Than Thracian Orpheus, whom the trees obeyed,
Couldst thou make blood in the empty ghost reflow,
Whom Mercury, loth the gates of doom to throw

Open, howe'er entreated, has once held
Beneath his dreadful wand and has compelled
Into the darksome fold ? Things hard to endure
Patience will lighten, though she cannot cure.

F. C.

ODE I. xxvi.

IN HONOUR OF ÆLIUS LAMIA

Now I, the Muses' friend, all fears and woe
Will pass to wanton winds, for them to blow
Into the Cretic waves : whose Majesty
May fear inspire below an Arctic sky
And on an icy shore, I care not, I,
Nor what may Tiridates terrify.
O thou who lov'st what springs are virgin yet,
Weave me a sunny wreath, a coronet
Fit on my Lamia's forehead to be set,
My dulcet Muse ; without thine aiding fire
Vainly to do him honour I aspire.
With Lesbian quill upon an untried lyre
'Tis fit, for such a man, in due oblation,
Thou and thy sisters join in celebration.

W. H. P.

ODE I. xxx.

TO VENUS

O VENUS of Cnidus and Paphus the queen,
Now spurning thy Cyprus, thy favourite scene,
Come where 'mid fragrance of frankincense calls
Glycera's voice from her beautified halls.

Come with thee thy son with his fervour aglow,
And the Graces, whose garments ungirdled shall flow,
And Youth, who without thee would fail to be fair,
And the Nymphs must with Mercury haste to be there.

W. H. P.

ODE I. xxxi.

THE MODEST PRAYER

WHAT shall the poet, pouring out new wine,

Ask of Apollo in his latest shrine ?

Not fat Sardinian harvests, pleasant kine

Of hot Calabria, nor vintage-ground

That placid Liris frays without a sound,

Nor ivory and gold in India found.

Let Fortune's favourite Cales' vineyards trim,

And the rich trader golden goblets brim

With wine exchanged for Syrian wares, (and him

The gods must love, since o'er and o'er again

Unharm'd he traverses the Atlantic main) :

On olives, endive, mallow I am fain

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

To live contented, and, old age despite,
Good health I pray for and a mind still bright,
Not without honour and the lyre's delight.

F. C.

ODE I. xxxii.

AN INVOCATION

WE are asked for a song, O my lute ; if e'er we in-
vented a lay,

While I dallied with thee in the shade, in some
moment of leisure,

That shall live, not for this year alone, but beyond it,
for many a day,

Come, pour forth a strain born of Rome, though of
Greece be the measure.

For the descant first played upon thee by the Lesbian
statesman was planned,

Who, whether in warfare engaged (for in war he
was bold),

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Or whether his tempest-tossed bark he moored on the
watery strand,
Sang ever of Bacchus, the Muses, and Venus, or
told

Of the boy that to Venus still clings, and of Lycus, the
beautiful lad,
With his charm of dark hair and dark eyes. O
glory of Phœbus, O lyre,
Who receivest a welcome at banquets of Jove the
Supreme, make me glad,
Sweet solace of troubles, by granting my prayerful
desire.

F C.

ODE I. XXXV.

TO FORTUNE

THOU who o'er pleasant Antium bearest sway,
Potent to raise from low estate our clay,
Or change proud triumphs into funerals,
On thee, O Goddess, the poor peasant calls,

With anxious prayer ; on thee, whoever braves
In bark Bithynian the Carpathian waves,
Bold Dacian, nomad Scythian, peoples, towns,
Fierce Latium, mothers of barbarian crowns,

And purple despots, lest thy foot o'erthrow
The pillar of their State with wanton blow,
And the thronged mob "To arms, to arms !" incite
The loiterers and break the imperial might.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Inexorable Doom before thee fares,
Beam-rivets in her brazen hand she bears,
Close clamps for masonry and melted lead.
When thou the houses of the great hast fled,

Inimical, and plunged them into woe,
The faithless crowd, the perjured harlot go,
And friends, since no more wine-jars are to drain,
Scatter, too treacherous to share the pain ;

But hope still woos thee, and rare Faith (a veil
Of white about her fingers) will not fail
Of her companionship. Do thou defend
Our Cæsar, going to Earth's farthest end,

To fight the Britons ; and our clustering host
Of lads, to scare the East and Red Sea coast :
But ah ! the crime, the scars, the brethren slain !
The shame is ours. From what did we refrain,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

A hardened generation ? What has been
Untouched by us of villainies unclean ?
On what most sacred have our youth not dared
To lay their hand ? What altars have they spared ?

On anvils new reforge our blunted brands,
Against the Massagete and Arab lands.

F. C.

L. 21. *A veil of white about her fingers.* The priests
sacrificing to Fides wrapped their hand in a white cloth,
symbolising secrecy and guilelessness.

ODE I. xxxvi.

THE FRIEND'S RETURN

WITH lyre and incense let us bring
A bullock for an offering
Due to the gods, who, in the far
Regions beneath the Western star,
Guarded our Numida, now here
With kisses greeting comrades dear,
His old friend Lamia most of all,
Because his presence can recall
Their boyhood 'neath one teacher passed,
Their boyish dress together cast.

The day that brings us this delight
Shall never lack its mark of white ;
The jar of wine is now prepared,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Let not a drop of it be spared,
Nor let the dancers' feet have leisure
From tripping to the Salian measure,
Nor Damalis, adept in wine,
Bassus in Thracian draughts outshine,
While roses crown each reveller's head,
With lilies that too soon are dead,
And parsley, verdant to the last ;
And all on Damalis will cast
Languishing eyes, which she will scorn,
Not from her lover to be torn ;
Clinging like ivy to the tree,
No ivy clings so close as she.

F. C.

ODE I. xxxvii.

THE FALL OF CLEOPATRA

THE hour has come to fill the cups with wine,
With freely dancing feet the ground to tread,
The tables of the gods with feasts to spread,
In sumptuous Salian manner, comrades mine.

To make our ancient Cæcuban descend
Out of its bin had been a deed of ill,
While a demented queen was plotting still
Our State's destruction and our Empire's end

With creatures full of shamelessness and shame,
A crew contaminate ; for she was crazed
With hopes extravagantly wild, and dazed
With Fortune's favour ; but her ships aflame,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

With scarce one saved, soon brought her fury low,
And Cæsar changed the fond illusions, bred
Of Mareotic wine, to sober dread,
When in pursuit he bade his galleys row,

To put the deadly monster into chains ;
From Italy he chased her, following like
A hawk that swoops, the timid dove to strike,
Or a swift hunter on the snowy plains,

Tracking the hare in Thessaly. But she,
Seeking a nobler death, and not afraid,
With woman's terror, of a dagger's blade,
Nor seeking hidden shores, where she might flee,

With unblenched countenance, and dauntless, saw
Her ruined palace, and could even clasp
In her courageous hand the deadly asp,
All its black venom to her blood to draw,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

By bravely facing death, the braver grown ;

No weakling woman, she refused with scorn

In loathed Liburnian galleys to be borne,

And, Queen discrowned, in splendid triumph shown.

F. C.

ODE I. xxxviii.

THE MYRTLE

ALL Persian ostentation, boy, I hate ;
In garlands woven with bast I see no grace ;
Leave off this eager search from place to place,
To find where roses linger late.

See to it and take heed no flowers to twine
With the plain myrtle ; myrtle well befits
The servant, and the master, as he sits
Quaffing beneath the trellised vine.

F. C.

L. 2. *Woven with bast.* " Inner bark of lime, used for tying flowers " (Oxford Dictionary).

ODE II. ii.

TO SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS

IN silver hidden away 'neath miser Earth

There is no lustre, Sallust, who art foe

To metal, save in services of worth

Thou seest it glow.

Far times shall echo Proculeius' name,

Who to his brothers showed a father's care ;

Him shall the pinions of enduring Fame

Undrooping bear.

Who rules a greedy heart rules realms more wide

Than if far Gades joined the Libyan plain,

Or if one king o'er Carthage, on each side

The sea, should reign.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

The dreadful dropsy by indulgence grows,

And, save the cause of sickness from the veins

And watery languor from the body flows,

The thirst remains.

Virtue, the mob opposing, doth refuse

Phraates, set on Cyrus' throne again,

Place 'mid the blest, and teaches folk who use

False words to abstain ;

But will dominion and safe crown provide

Him, and his brow with lasting laurel bind,

Who gazing on huge treasure turns aside,

Nor looks behind.

F. C.

L. 11. *On each side, etc.* Referring to Old and New Carthage.

ODE II. iv.

TO XANTHIAS

WHY do you, Phocian Xanthias, feel shame

Because you love your handmaid ? Long ago,

For all his pride, Achilles felt the same

Toward the slave Briseis, white as snow.

Captive Tecmessa's master felt the same,

Ajax, the son of Telamon ; and so

Amid his triumph did Atreides flame

For the chaste damsel, captured from the foe,

When the barbarian host was overborne

By the Thessalian's victory, the loss

Of Hector giving to the Greeks toil-worn

A prey less hard to manage—Pergamos.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Blonde Phyllis' parents may, for aught you know,

 Their new-made son enrich from golden stores,

For surely in her veins kings' blood must flow,

 And she her unjust household gods deplores.

The rascal mob begot no ancestor,

 Be certain, of the girl beloved by you,

No base-born mother such a daughter bore,

 So hostile to cupidity, so true.

Her arms, her shapely ankles and her face

 I praise, and do it with an honest mind ;

Suspect not one whose life in rapid race

 Already leaves its fortieth year behind.

F. C.

ODE II. xiii.

THE TREE THAT NEARLY FELL ON
HIM

THE man unknown who planted thee
Chose an ill-omened day, O Tree,
With impious hand he reared thee from the ground,
For the destruction of posterity,
And the reproach of all the country round ;

Almost could I believe that he had choked
His father, and, when midnight darkness fell,
With his guest's blood the chamber floor had soaked,
And I feel sure that he was practised well

In arts of Colchian poison, and in all
Known crime, who set thee in my field, to grow

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Into the miserable log thou art, and fall
Upon my head, deserving no such blow.

Man is not warned, according to his need,
What to avoid ; the Punic sailor hates
The Bosphorus bitterly, but pays no heed
To other menace of the hidden Fates ;

The arrows of the Parthian, swiftly fleeing,
The soldier dreads ; the Parthian dreads the gyves
And Roman gaol ; but there is no foreseeing
The lethal force that ever snatches lives.

How nearly I beheld the dark domain
Of Proserpine, and Æacus on his throne
Of judgment, and the abodes the pious gain,
And Sappho, o'er her maidens making moan

On lyre Æolian, and that ampler bard,
Alcæus, from whose gold-touched lute there flows

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

The tale of sufferings at sea, the hard
Lot of the exile, and war's cruel woes.

Although the wondering Shades both singers hear
With reverent silence, yet the serried throng
Drinks in the story with a greedier ear
Of banished tyrants and the battle-song.

What wonder that the hundred-headed beast
Droops his black ears, or that the snakes, enwound
Among the Furies' tresses, should have ceased
To writhe ; and rest, enchanted by the sound ?

Nay, more ; Prometheus is beguiled of pains,
And even the son of Pelops ; while Orion,
Enraptured, listening to those dulcet strains,
Cares not to chase the timid lynx nor lion.

F. C.

ODE II. xiv.

TO POSTUMUS

POSTUMUS, Postumus, alack-a-day,
The years, how swiftly do they glide away !
No piety keeps wrinkles from the brow,
Nor makes old age his near approach delay,
Nor never-mastered Death more time allow ;

If thou should'st sacrifice three hundred steers
Each morning, friend, 'twere futile hope to
storm

The heart of Pluto, never touched to tears,
Who prisons Geryon, of triple form,

And Tityus, beyond the gloomy tide
That all whom bounties of the Earth sustain

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Must cross, whoe'er they be ; the Prince beside
The needy husbandman ; because in vain

Shall we keep safe from Mars' ensanguined field,
Or the hoarse Adriatic's surging death,
Or, as the autumn threatens, seek a shield
Against the touch of Auster's baleful breath ;

We shall behold Cocytus, all the same,
That black and tortuous flows, with sullen coil,
And Danaus' progeny, of evil fame,
And Sisyphus, condemned to ceaseless toil.

Earth must thou leave, thy home and charming
wife,
Nor, though thou tenderest many, shall one tree,
Of all that thou didst own in this brief life,
Except the hateful cypress, follow thee ;

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

A worthier heir that Cæcuban of thine,

Which thou behind a hundred locks dost hoard,
Shall drink, and splash the floor with lordly wine,
More choice than decks a Pontiff's festal board.

F. C.

ODE II. xvi.

TO GOSPHUS

THE trader prays for rest, when tempest-tossed
In mid-Ægean, when the moon is lost
Behind black clouds and stars no longer light
The mariner aright.

Thrace prays for rest ; though furious in the fray,
The quiver-decorated Parthians pray
For rest, which neither gold nor gems can buy,
Nor cloth of purple dye.

In truth, nor wealth nor majesty of law
Can make the tumult of our cares withdraw,
That 'neath the panelled ceiling flit about
In melancholy rout.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Happy lives he, though frugally he dines,
Upon whose board the ancestral cruet shines,
If no base greed and no foreboding keep
His eyes from quiet sleep.

Why aim we at so much, in life's brief time ?
Why change our country for a warmer clime ?
Which of us from himself can hope to flee,
Where'er his exile be ?

Swifter than stag, or Eurus, when he drives
The storm before him, blighting Care contrives
To board the brass-beaked galley and beside
The cavalcade to ride.

Let us enjoy sweet passing moments, while
Tempering the bitter with a patient smile,
Untroubled for the future, though we meet
No happiness complete.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Death soon the glorious Achilles caught,
Immortal life old age immortal brought
Tithonus ; and what Chance denies to thee
Haply may come to me.

Flocks bleat and herds of pure Sicilian breed
Around thee low ; thy mare, the racing steed,
Whinnies her welcome ; twice in Tyrian dye
Thy woollen garments lie :

To me no land except a small domain
Has been vouchsafed ; but yet a subtle strain
Fate promised and bestowed, of Grecian song,
And scorn of the envious throng.

F. C.

ODE II. xviii.

THE VANITY OF RICHES

No ivory couch nor gilded panel gleams
Here in my home, nor rest Hymettian beams

On columns hewn from some far Afric rock ;
Nor any of those palaces I own

That Attalus bequeathed to heirs unknown,
Neither do high-born ladies round me flock,

Or weave for me Laconian purple dress ;
A kindly vein of genius I possess ;

And honesty ; and, though my means are scant,
The rich my friendship seek : for more than these
I neither importune the gods, nor tease

My powerful friend a larger boon to grant
Than this my Sabine farm, my all in all,
Where joys enough for my content befall.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Meanwhile day treads upon the heel of day,
And the new moons increase to their decay ;
Yet you contract, though now the grave you
near,

For cutting marble slabs, and mansions rear,

Unmindful of the tomb,

Where on the Baian coast the billows boom,
And, not content with land along the shore,
You push it out to sea, to make it more ;
Nay, you remove the ancient landmarks, sweep
The limits of your farm away and leap
Over your tenants' bounds, in greedy lust ;
The wife and husband, from their shelter thrust,
Their ragged children in their bosoms bear
And the household gods their fathers worshipped
there.

But for the wealthy man no mansions wait
More surely than his palace destinate

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Within the bounds of Orcus ; why, then, plan
More projects, since alike for every man
The Earth re-opens—for the sons of kings
As for the poor—nor Orcus' minion brings
Crafty Prometheus back, though bribed with gold ?
Orcus, who has proud Tantalus in hold,
 And all his race keeps fast,
And grants, no matter whether they invoke
His aid or not, release to labouring folk,
 Their toils for ever past.

F. C.

L. 5. *Attalus*. See note to I. i.

L. 17, etc. There seems to have been a fashion for building villas on foundations laid in the sea near the shore. It excited Horace's disgust, and he alludes to it elsewhere (see Ode III. i.).

ODE II. xix.

BACCHUS

ONCE on a lonely mountain peak I spied
Bacchus (believe me, ye of after years),
Teaching the nymphs his songs, and, by his side,
The goat-foot satyrs, with their pointed ears.

Evøe ! My heart with dread is newly thrilled,
And yet with joy tumultuously cheered,
Because with Bacchus is my bosom filled,
Who for his mighty thyrsus must be feared.

Evøe ! O Liber, spare me, spare—to sing
The tireless Thyads and the fount of wine,
Rich streams of milk, and honey, like a spring,
Flowing from hollow trees ; and be it mine

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

To celebrate thy blessed consort's crown,
That now among the stars finds honoured room,
To tell of Pentheus' palace overthrown,
And of the Thracian King Lycurgus' doom.

Thou canst persuade the streams and barbarous seas ;
On heights secluded, and, elate with wine,
The tresses of the fair Bistonides,
Unhurt, with knotted vipers thou dost twine ;

And when the giants climbed the heavenly height,
Impious invaders of thy Sire's domain,
Thou with the lion's dread fangs and claws didst fight
With Rhætus, and didst hurl him down again ;

Although reputed apter for the dance,
For mirth and games, and counted to be ill
Equipped for battle, yet, whate'er may chance,
Or peace or war, thou art great Bacchus still.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Thee, whose gold horn upon thy forehead shone,
Thee Cerberus gently wagged his tail to greet,
And harmlessly, as thou wert passing on,
Touched with his triple tongue thy hands and feet.

F. C.

ODE III. i.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

I, OF the Muses' rites a celebrant,

Keep the profane aloof, an odious throng !

Let there be reverent silence, while I chant

For boys and maidens many an unknown song.

O'er their own flocks of men rule dreaded kings ;

Those kings themselves must glorious Jove obey,

The conqueror of giants, who all things

By the mere motion of his brow doth sway.

One man plants vineyards on a wider space

Than does another ; one, who comes to town

Seeking for office, is of nobler race,

Another of more merit and renown,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

A third a larger following can show ;

But Destiny with all men deals the same ;
Casting the lot of Fate for high and low,
Her ample urn still tosses out a name.

For him, above whose impious head is hung
A naked sword, Sicilian banquets lack
Sweet savour, and no melody e'er sung
By birds or played on citherns can lure back

The truant sleep. Soft sleep doth not despise
The humble cottage of the countryman,
Nor river-bank on which the shadow lies,
Nor Tempe that the Western breezes fan.

He who is well contented with enough,
Though Hædus rises or Arcturus sets
In tempest, cares not if the sea be rough,
Nor if the lashing hail the vineyard frets ;

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

What matters it to him, that farms deceive,
Or that the fruit-trees now reproach the rain,
Now o'er the dog-star's torrid season grieve,
And now of winter's outrages complain ?

Where rocks are cast to depths beneath the waves
The fishes find the water shallower grown,
Rocks by the builder, with his gang of slaves,
And by the land-sick master rubble-strown.

But when the master mounts his villa stair,
Fear and Foreboding to his room will glide,
While in his three-decked galley lurks black Care,
Or else behind him on his horse will ride.

If neither Phrygian marble, purple dress
More brilliant than a star, Falernian wine,
Nor Persian nard console one in distress,
Why raise a columned hall of new design,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Inviting envy ? Why change my abode

In Sabine dale for splendour's worrying mode ?

F. C.

LL. 35-38. See Note on IL. xviii.

ODE III. ii.

PATRIOTISM

LET strong youths learn to bear, without com-
plaint,
Hardship in arms and poverty's constraint,
Live in the open air, adventurous ride,
Make their lance feared, and break the Parthian's
pride.

When from afar the warrior chieftain's wife
And maiden daughter, gazing on the strife
From hostile ramparts, such a foe espy,
The damsel for her promised spouse will sigh :

“ Unused to battle, will my lord engage
With yonder lion, rushing in his rage

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Through the red stream of slaughter ? Oh, beware !
And meddle not with monsters, ill to dare ! ”

Death for the fatherland is sweet and right ;
For though men flee, yet Death pursues their
flight,
Nor spares unwarlike youth, but tracks the feet
Of craven fear and cowardly retreat.

Virtue alone can never suffer shame,
But shines with uncontaminated flame,
Neither assuming nor surrendering power,
To suit the fickle favour of the hour ;

Virtue alone, far soaring like a bird,
That scorns the muddy ground and vulgar herd,
Can make for those deserving not to die
A passage through the barriers of the sky.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

E'en silence will the faithful soul repay :
My little boat might sink, my roof give way,
Were I to let one share them who unseals
The shrine of Ceres and her rite reveals ;

For heavenly vengeance, too long unbesought,
Has oft for good and bad one ruin wrought,
And limping retribution, though it fail
To overtake at once, still keeps the trail.

F. C.

Ll. 17 and 21. *Virtus*. There is no word in English for this. It may be translated differently in different places, but here it seems to include valour ; yet if one used the word valour, that would not include virtue. It was thought better to retain the original word.

ODE III. iii.

TO CÆSAR AUGUSTUS

WHAT man is just and to his purpose bent
Shrinks from no Roman crowd on ill intent,
No towering tyrant's frown can shake his mind,
Nor Auster, restless Hadria's tyrant wind,
Nor thunderbolt from Jove's great hand downcast ;
Should the whole world fall toppled in a blast
The crash would strike him fearless to the last.
By this grace Pollux, wandering Hercules,
Attained the summit of celestial ease,
Where, couched among the gods, Augustus sips
The cups of nectar with his glowing lips ;
And thee, great Bacchus, by this gift and craft
Did tigers draw, unbroken to the draught,
And by this too, with Martian steeds for aid,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Escape from Acheron Quirinus made,
When to the gods, upon debating set,
Juno had spoken, and assent had met—
“ Ilium, Ilium, in the dust is laid—
By curst vile umpire and by foreign jade,
Since when Laomedon, to pact untrue
Made with the gods, deprived them of their due,
Ilium, her people, cheating prince, and all,
I and the chaste Minerva doomed to fall.
Flaunting no more that profligate is seen
As guest of the abandoned Spartan queen ;
No longer Priam's perjured house beats back
With Hector's powers my dauntless Greeks' attack ;
The war, by our dissensions kept alive,
Is stilled ; for Mars' sake now to hate I give
And heavy wrath surcease, they reach no more
My grandson whom a Trojan priestess bore ;
Let the bright heaven take him free from harm,
There with the gods to learn their nectar's charm.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

So long as Rome and Ilium seas divide
Let the exiles reign secure by any tide.
While beasts still hide their cubs and cattle run
Upon the tomb of Priam and his son,
Brilliant so long the Capitol may stand
And haughty Rome may rule the Median land.
Wide let her name, a terror-striking word,
To the extremest boundaries be heard,
To where the sea, in lands surrounding pent,
Europe clear marks from Afric's continent,
To where the Nile, his banks o'erswelling, yields
Their needed succour to the thirsty fields ;
But gold unfound, and better hid in earth,
Let her disdain, a deed of nobler worth
Than wrest it to man's uses from the soil
With hands that sanctity's own heart would
 spoil :
Where to the world is set a boundary,
There let her take her weapons, fain to see

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

The regions of the sun's most furious blaze
And those of gentle rains and cloudy haze.
With this decree the compact now I seal;
Ne'er warlike Rome, o'erfraught with filial zeal
And trust too great in her resourceful powers,
Shall try to build again Troy's tumbled towers :
If inauspiciously were Troy reborn
Again to slaughter would she fall, and scorn,
For I myself, sister to Jove, and wife,
Would lead victorious masses to the strife.
Should Phœbus thrice rebuild the brazen wall,
Thrice by my Greeks uprooted should it fall,
And wives, again three times as captives borne,
The loss of husbands and of sons should mourn."

But this is not for lightsome lyre to sing ;
Whither away, my Muse ? In wanton fling
Forbear the gods' deliverances to quote,
Nor dwarf great issues to thy trifling note.

W. H. P.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

L. 18, etc. It may have occurred to many commentators, students, and readers of Horace, that those passages in Juno's magnificent speech which absolutely bar any attempt at reviving the old Ilium, were written with some special reference or application. It certainly occurred to Orelli, who, in his opening Note on the whole Ode, recognised its grandeur and beauty, and clearly perceived that the lines concerning Troy had a particular significance. Orelli, however, explained this impression by suggesting that Horace happened to remember a rumour mentioned by Suetonius concerning Cæsar, who was supposed to entertain a proposal to move the seat of government from Rome to Alexandria or Ilium. Orelli added that Augustus was far too skilled and prudent a ruler to accept any such idea, and that had he thought of it, Horace would not have made any public allusion to the matter. Now, however, Professor R. S. Conway, in "Horace as Poet Laureate," his inaugural address to the Leeds Branch of the Classical Association (in "Falernian Grapes," Cambridge University Press, 1917) has brought into more general knowledge that true significance of the passage which Mommsen pointed out in 1889, when he showed that "the Ode must be read as a definite comment upon a definite proposal, entertained for a time by Augustus himself, to change the seat of the Empire." Professor Conway referred also to another passage "hitherto unnoticed" in another poem written about the same time, the "Æneid." Juno, in her last speech in that poem, makes "precisely the same condition for the future greatness of Rome." The Latin people are to make no change in dress, language, or name. "They are to remain Latins, not to become Trojans.

'In dust lies Troy, there leave it and its name.'

ODE III. iv.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MUSES

O QUEEN CALLIOPE, from heaven descend,
Thy ringing voice with Phœbus' lyre to blend,
Or on the flute's long melody attend.

Either a fond dream cheats me or I stray
Where pleasant waters glide and breezes play
In sacred groves, and listen to thy lay.

Once, tired with sport, on Vultur's mountain wild,
Beyond old Nurse Apulia's bounds, a child,
I slept, and the famed doves of Venus piled

Fresh leaves on me, of myrtle and of bay ;
By grace divine, a fearless babe, I lay
Secure from bears and adders ; and all they

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Who dwell in Bantia's glades, or on the crest
Where Acherontia rears her lofty nest,
Or in the rich Forentum dale, confessed

How great the marvel was. O Muses, still,
Still am I yours, though wandering, as I will,
To cool Præneste or steep Sabine hill,

Clear Baiæ or the slopes of Tibur. Me,
Friend of your founts and dances, not that tree
Accurséd, nor Philippi's rout, nor sea

On Palinurus slew. Benign and bland,
You moderate the mind ; we understand
Why impious Titans and their hideous band

Were struck down by his bolt, who rules alone
Men and immortals justly, whom wind-blown
Seas and dull Earth, cities and death-realms own ;

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Force without mind falls by its own dead weight,
But tempered force the gods make doubly great,
Though force by evil purpose moved they hate.

F. C.

L. 8. *Beyond old nurse Apulia's bounds.* There are several different readings in this probably corrupt passage. One suggests that Horace had been sent with his nurse to a cottage in the mountains, during the summer heat.

L. 22. *Palinurus.* A promontory on the coast of Tuscany.

I have omitted stanzas 8-10, 13-16, and 18-20, and close with the splendid stanza 17, so applicable to the Great War and its ending. For this and the two subsequent abridgments of Horace's verses (see below, Ode III. xxiv., and Epode xvi.) I shall, I am sure, become very obnoxious to the scholarly lover of the poet's work. I shall be told that it is not the business of a translator to omit any part of the original, and that it is very presumptuous to suppose that anyone can improve on Horace. My answer is that I never have supposed so, but that I claim a right to present my author to English readers in whatever form is most likely to give them the best idea of his excellence, and that the genius of the English and Latin tongues being so extremely different, even omissions may be used occasionally in order the better to appeal to English ears and habits of thought. It is only fair to say that my friend and coadjutor, Mr Walter Pollock, to whom I owe so many suggestions and corrections, in no way agrees with me and considers my liberties unpardonable.

ODE III. v.

REGULUS

As we believe that Jove is king
In Heaven, because his thunders ring,
We hold Augustus god on Earth
For adding to our Empire's girth
The Britons and the Parthians dread.

How could the soldier basely wed
Barbarian wives, in Crassus' days,
(Shame to our Senate's altered ways !)
Content with their new sires to grow
Old in the service of the foe,

Apulian and Marsian both
To serve a Parthian king not loth,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

The Roman Shields of sacred fame
Forgetting, and the Roman name
And civic pride, and Vesta's flame

Undying, while Jove's temple still
Stood scathless, and Rome's holy hill ?
This Regulus' foreseeing mind
Guarded against, when he declined
The shameful terms and scorned a deed

That future harm was sure to breed,
Should not the youthful prisoners die
Unpitied. " With these eyes have I
Beheld," he said, " our standards hung
" In Punic shrines ; and weapons, wrung

" From our men's hands, with blood undyed ;
" Our freemen's arms behind them tied
" Have I beheld, and standing wide

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

“ Open, the gates of Carthage, where

“ The fields are tilled that we laid bare.

“ Think you the man redeemed with gold

“ In battle will become more bold ?

“ You are but adding loss to shame ;

“ The wool will never be the same,

“ Once purple-dyed, as when 'twas white ;

“ Nor does true valour, taken to flight,

“ Care to return to hearts debased.

“ Sooner the doe, to thick toils chased,

“ When she is loosed, will offer fight,

“ Than he will martial courage show

“ Who trusted a perfidious foe,

“ Or having tamely let them bind

“ His arms with leathern thongs behind,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

“ And stood in fear of death, will smite

“ Again the Carthaginian might.

“ To save his life, in War he sought

“ For Peace, and so confusion wrought.

“ O dire disgrace ! O Carthage, grown

“ So great that Italy must own

“ Her shameful ruins are thy throne ! ”

As if outlawed, he put aside

His wife's chaste kisses and denied

His bairns, 'tis said, and sternly bent

On Earth his manly gaze, intent

The Senate's courage to restore

With counsel never given before,

Ere yet 'mid sorrowing friends he went

In haste to glorious banishment.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Barbarian tortures he could guess,
Prepared for him ; but not the less,

Opposing kinsmen pushed away,
And crowds that tried his steps to stay ;
As calm as if, long business done,
And clients' law-suits lost or won,
He sought what rest Venafran fields
Can give, or what Tarentum yields.

F. C.

ODE III. vi.

DEGENERATION

THE shrines and temples of the gods decay,
Their statues black and filthy smoke engrimes ;
Restore them, Roman, or thou still shalt pay,
Thyself though guiltless, for thy fathers' crimes.

Rule shall be thine, whilst thee the gods command ;
With them all things begin and all things end ;
What evils on Hesperia's sorrowing land,
For her neglect of them, did they not send ?

Monæses, twice, and Pacorus' troop have had
The skill to foil our inauspicious blow ;
Now to their paltry necklaces they add
The booty won from us, with joy aglow.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Dacian and Æthiop to Rome, late wrapt
In civil conflict, brought destruction near ;
The one with bow and arrow the more apt,
The other with his fleet inspiring fear.

Teeming with sin, our age corrupted, first,
Marriage ; our homes and offspring bear the brand ;
Sprung from this source, disaster's flood has burst
Upon our people and our fatherland.

While still a girl, the maiden with delight
The postures of Ionic dances learns,
Studies the arts that passion can excite,
Pores on unholy love and with it burns.

Soon at her husband's board she seeks to mark
What youthful paramours she can rejoice
With sweets forbidden, when the house is dark ;
Nor is she too fastidious in her choice ;

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

But, though her purpose to her spouse is plain,

She rises at their summons, to embrace

Pedlars or Masters of the ships of Spain,

The lavish purchasers of her disgrace.

None of the youths were sons of such a sire,

Of all who stained the sea with Punic blood,

Slew Pyrrhus and slew Hannibal the dire,

And great Antiochus ; a manly brood

Of peasant soldiers were their fathers, taught

To turn the clods all day with Sabine hoes,

Till, at strict mothers' bidding must be brought

Cut firewood, when the sun with slant ray throws

An altered shadow on the mountain-side,

And eases of their yoke the weary steers,

Leading the welcome hour of eventide

Earthward, ere yet his chariot disappears.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

What does not Time with his defacement curse ?

Our parents were the authors of more ill

Than were our grandfathers ; and we, yet worse,

Shall leave an offspring more degenerate still.

F. C.

ODE III. viii.

THE ANNIVERSARY

WHAT, on the Martian Kalends, what do I,

A bachelor ? What mean these censers burning,
These flowers, and this turf-altar, whereon lie
The kindling sticks ? In spite of all your
learning

In both the tongues, you wonder. Thus I pay

My vow to Liber ; 'tis the pledge I gave
Of a white goat and dainty feast, the day
A falling tree had brought me near my grave ;

And, often as that festal day shall dawn,

While years revolve, the cork, whose every
chink

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Is sealed with pitch, shall from the jar be
drawn,

That in the store-house was laid up, to drink

The smoke, in Tullus' consulship ; so drain

A hundred cups, Mæcenas, to your friend

And his escape ; till sunrise come again,

Keep the lamps lit ; here clamour cannot end

Our peace, nor any quarrel ; lay aside

The cares of State ; the Dacian Cotiso

Is crushed ; the dangerous Parthians divide

Against themselves, their most disastrous foe ;

At last our ancient enemy, on Spain's

Cantabrian coast, is subject to our sway ;

And now the Scythians plan to leave their plains,

With bows unstrung. Cast strenuous thoughts
away,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Forget official worries, cease to fear

What grievances the populace may find,

Taste joyously the passing moment's cheer,

And banish weighty matters from your mind.

F. C.

ODE III. ix.

A PASSING CLOUD

So long as thou didst find in me some charm,
Nor any youth, more fancied, was allowed
About thy snowy neck to twine his arm,
No Persian King was happier or more proud.

“ So long as thou didst passionately love
No other maid, nor Lydia only came
Second to Chloe, I was set above
Exalted Ilia and her Roman fame.”

By Chloe, Thracian Chloe, ruled am I,
Who adds to song the cithern's pleasing tone ;
For her I would not be afraid to die,
If for her life the Fates would take my own.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

“ With mutual passion I and Calais glow,
The son of Ornytus, of Thurian line,
And death twice over I would undergo,
If for his life the Fates accepted mine.”

But what if Venus, vexed when pairs divide,
Join us again beneath her brazen yoke,
Dismiss fair Chloe, set the portals wide
To Lydia, and her banishment revoke ?

“ He is more lovely than a star, and thou
Art rougher-tempered than the Adrian Sea,
Nor weighs a cork more lightly than thy vow ;
Yet would I live with thee and die with thee.”

F. C.

ODE III. ix.

A LOVERS' TIFF

H. ONCE on a time you lov'd me best,
Nor wish'd for others' arms to cling
Your snowy neck ; then was I blest
Far more than any Persian king.

L. Once on a time was I your dear,
Nor Lydia after Chloe came ;
Then Lydia's repute shone clear
Farther than Roman Ilia's fame.

H. Now Thracian Chloe rules my breath,
Skilled at all points of music's charm,
For her I would not shrink from death,
So Fate would shield her life from harm.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

L. For Calais, son of Thurian sire,

A mutual flame I feel and give,

For him twice over I'd expire,

If so the Fates would let him live.

H. If Venus should reclaim her own,

Compel us to her yoke once more,

And I, the bright-haired Chloe flown,

Again to Lydia ope my door ?

L. Though he be fairer than a star,

You than waves fiercer, lighter than a feather,

Yet I would rather choose by far

That you and I should live, should die,

together.

W. H. P.

L. 22. *Cortex* does not mean *feather*, but the English seems to correspond to the Latin phrase.

ODE III. xii.

NEOBULE TALKS TO HERSELF

ILL-FATED are maids who with love must not play,
Nor attempt with the wine-cup to wash care away,
Since with scars from an uncle's rough tongue they
must pay.

Your basket, your loom, your Minerva-work
things,

Neobule, are filched by the boy with the wings,
Son of Venus, and still to your memory clings

Bright Hebrus; oil-glistening the waters he
meets,

And Bellerophon's self upon horseback defeats,
And at boxing and running all rivals he beats.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

He can pierce with his javelin the fugitive deer
As they press terror-herded o'er country that's clear,
Or can lift from close covert the boar on his spear.

W. H. P.

L. 4. The work indicated by *operosæ studium Minervæ* appears to have corresponded, in a general way, to what is now known as "art-work."

L. 7. *Oil-glistening.* Roman swimmers and divers, before plunging into the Tiber, covered their bodies with oil, as long-distance swimmers are wont to do nowadays.

ODE III. xiii.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF
BANDUSIA

WITH flowers and sweet wine,
Worthy to deck thy shrine,
Fount of Bandusia, more than crystal clear,
To-morrow shall a firstling of the year
Be given to thee ; his brow, with horns in bud,
Betokens love and battles ; but in vain ;
The offspring of the frolic flock shall stain
Thine icy outpour with his warm red blood.

Not thee the seasons fierce
Of blazing Sirius pierce,
But on plough-weary oxen, coming home,
And flocks as tired with the long day's roam,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Thy grateful coolness thou dost oft bestow :

Numbered with far-famed founts shall be thy
spring,

Since the ilex planted o'er thy grot I sing,

Whence leap thy waters, babbling as they flow.

F. C.

ODE III. xvi.

THE ART OF CONTENTMENT

THE tower of bronze, the doors of oak,
The guard of surly watch-dogs might
Have shielded Danae from the folk
Who came to woo her in the night ;
But Jupiter and Venus smiled
To see Acrisius, keen to hold
Her hidden, easily beguiled,
Soon as the god had turned to gold.
'Tis gold's delight through rocks to break
That thunder-bolts would strike in vain,
And past all sentinels to make
A passage. For the love of gain
The Argive prophet's house fell down,
To ruin plunged ; and many a throne

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Of rival kings, and many a town,

Seduced by him of Macedon ;

Bluff admirals too such gifts can snare ;

As money grows, the greed will grow

For money, with increase of care.

I hate to be a public show,

And none can better count me wise

Than thou, Mæcenas, honoured knight ;

For everything a man denies

Himself, and more, will Heaven requite ;

I, who have nought myself, desire

To camp with those desiring nought,

And, fain to leave the rich, aspire

To riches by no labour wrought ;

Though in my barns I were to hide

The harvests of Apulian fields,

A beggar in my golden pride,

No one such glorious lordship wields

O'er wealth, as he who holds it cheap ;

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

My woodland of few acres, stream
Of water pure, my trust to reap
My crop of corn fulfil my dream
Of blessedness, to him unknown
Who glitters in imperial ease
'Mid Afric verdure. Though I own
Neither Calabrian honey-bees
Nor wine in Læstrygonian jar
Ripening, nor fleecy sheep in Gaul,
Privation from my door is far ;
And though thou wouldest grant me all
My wishes, yet a curbed desire
My revenue will more expand
Than if to realms of Cræsus' sire
I added the Mygdonian land.
Seek much, lack much ; and he best lives
To whom the god but moderately gives.

F. C.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

L. 17. *Bluff admirals.* Horace is obviously referring to some episode or practice that is now beyond our knowledge.

This translation makes no claim to be anything but a very free one.

ODE III. xviii.

TO FAUNUS

FAUNUS, who nymphs that evade thee dost love,
Through my bounds and my homestead, that
basks in the sun,

Gently I pray 'mid my fosterlings move,
Be thy coming and going propitiously done,

If as soon as the year has arrived at its end
A kid that shall fall for thy pleasure I seek,
And the wine-bowl is full that to Venus is
friend,
And the incense is burned on the altar antique.

In the meads all the cattle to playfulness yield,
For thee do the Nones of December return,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

And the boor and the ox in the leisurely field
Seek together the rest that together they earn.

For thee walks the wolf through a terrorless flock,
Leafy carpets for thee in the forest abound,
And the delver exults as he stamps with a shock
Of his thrice-lifted foot on his foeman, the ground.

W. H. P.

L. 16. The all but universal significance of the number three in religions, superstitions, ceremonials, "magic" both "white" and "black," is perhaps too well known to need comment or illustration.

ODE III. xxi.

THE JAR OF MASSIC

THOU gentle jar, who hadst with me thy birth
When Manlius was Consul, dost thou bear
Quarrels within thee, complaints, mad love, or mirth
And easy slumber ? What result soe'er

Lurks in thy vintage of the Massic vine
(Worthy of proof on some auspicious day),
Now, since Corvinus orders mellower wine,
No longer in the store-house shalt thou stay.

Steeped in Socratic learning though he be,
He will not cynically say thee no ;
Despite Old Cato's virtue, even he
Oft drank a glass, to keep his blood aglow.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Merry Lyæus helping, wine has wrought

On many a sluggish wit with urgency slight,
A torment soft, yet moving, and has brought
Grave thoughts and counsels of the wise to light ;

Wine cheers the anxious mind, and can allay

With strength and courage needy men's alarms,
Who, when they drink of it, feel no dismay
At angry monarchs' crowns or soldiers' arms.

Liber and Venus (if she condescend),

The Graces, loth their hands to disunite,
With burning lamps, my jar, shall thee attend,
Till Phœbus put the stars again to flight.

F. C.

In stanzas 4 and 5 Horace addresses the jar as a synonym of wine. In English, however, it seemed necessary to make this clear by using the word " wine " itself.

ODE III. xxiv.

PATRIOTISM

RICHER than treasures, from plunder free,
Of India and the Arabs though thou be,
Planting thy palaces by every sea,

Yet from thy soul thou canst not cast aside
Fear, nor the snare of death shalt thou deride,
When Doom with adamant shall pierce thy pride.

More happy live the Scythians of the plain,
Who draw a wandering homestead in their wain,
Or the grim Getæ, who grow crops of grain

For all in common, on unlotted ground,
To tillage only for one harvest bound,
Relieved by others, when the year comes round.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Blot from the heart greed's elements and turn
The enervated mind to tasks more stern ;
Let all our youths to serve their country learn,

And life in games and gambling no more waste,
While ill-got hoards their fathers heap in haste,
Never enough for their expensive taste.

'Twere well to cast our riches, evil seed,
Into the nearest sea ; a better deed,
To consecrate them to the Nation's need.

F. C.

L. 6. *Si figit . . . clavos.* What is the *definite* metaphor of the Latin is obscure.

Stanzas 5-11 are left out ; and the Ode is made to end with stanza 12 and two lines of stanza 13. For these outrages (as I know many will call them) I have no excuses save what are offered in the Note to Ode III. iv.

ODE III. xxvi.

AN APPEAL

I HAVE lived—for girls fit mate but lately thought,
Nor without fame have in love's conflicts fought,
Now will I hang my war-worn lute, and all
Old gear of gallantry upon the wall

Of Venus' temple, who from Ocean rose,
And on the goddess' left, here, here dispose
The battle-lanterns, siege-bars, and the bows
Whose terror could resisting gates uncloze.

O goddess, who blest Cyprus dost possess,
And Memphis that no Thracian snows distress,
Pray, Queen, her arrogance from Chloe strip
With just one stroke of thine uplifted whip !

W. H. P.

ODE III. xxviii.

THE FEAST OF NEPTUNE

WHAT better do on Neptune's festal day
Than drink the Cæcuban, long stored away
And make on wisdom's stronghold strong
assault ?

The sun is slanting westward ; why delay,
Lyde, as if the fleeting hours could halt ?
Bring up the jar that in the cellar waits ;
When Bibulus was Consul, thence it dates.

Now will we sing in turn ; of Neptune I,
And Nereids' sea-green tresses ; in reply,
On thy curved lyre Latona hymn, the shafts
Of Cynthia swift, and, lastly, glorify

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Her whom her yoke of swans to Paphos wafts,
Ruler of Cnidus and the Cyclads bright ;
Nor miss the slumber-song we owe to Night.

F. C.

ODE III. xxix.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY

A JAR, untilted yet, of mellow wine
Has long been waiting for thee in my home,
With roses for thy hair, and balsam ; come,
Mæcenas, of the royal Tuscan line,

No more delay ; no longer let thy sight
On watery Tiber and the sloping side
Of Æfula, and hills the parricide
Telegonus once built on, always light.

Abandon now the luxury that cloy,
The towers that seem near lofty clouds to climb,
And cease awhile to wonder at the grime
Of Rome the blest, its opulence and noise.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

A change is welcome to the rich ; to share
A humble meal beneath a poor man's roof,
Where are no tapestries nor purple woof,
Will often smooth away the frown of care.

Already Cepheus' hidden fires peep out,
Already Procyon rages, and the sun,
Conjoined with furious Leo, has begun
To bring us back again the days of drought.

His languid flock the weary shepherd takes
Where shaggy-haired Sylvanus' thickets grow,
Seeking the shade, and where the waters flow,
Whose silent bank the wandering breeze forsakes.

Thy thoughts are for the City and the State,
Fearing what distant Seres may disclose,
Or Bactra, ruled by Cyrus once, or those
Who dwell by Tanais in mutual hate.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Wisely the god inters in shades of night

The future's outcome, and, if mortals fret

Unduly, laughs ; see thou do not forget

The problem of the hour to solve aright,

With tranquil mind ; for all the rest is borne

On, like a river, that now peacefully

Glides in mid-channel to the Tuscan sea,

Now rolls the polished stones and trees uptorn,

With flocks and homes together, while the hills

And neighbouring woods the roar reverberate,

And the devouring, inundating spate

Vexes the peaceful tributary rills.

That man is master of his own delight

Whose daily boast is " I have lived to-day ;

" To-morrow let the Father fill with grey

" The cope of heaven, or else with sunshine bright,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

“ Yet never will he make the past in vain,
“ Nor will he alter it, or bring to nought
“ The things that once the fleeting hour has
brought.”

But Fortune, happy in dispensing pain,

And pertinacious in her wanton play,
Bestows her favours with a fickle mind,
Now kind to me, now to some other kind ;
I praise her only when she deigns to stay ;

For, if her wings in sudden flight she shake,
Then, wrapped in my own virtue, I eschew
Her benefits, and Poverty I woo,
Although undowered, for her own honest sake.

Not mine, when groans the mast with Afric gales,
Meanly to stoop to wretched prayers, or drive
A bargain with the gods that they contrive
To keep my Cyprian and Tyrian bales

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

From adding riches to the greedy sea ;

Enough if Pollux and his brother twin

A passage through the Ægean tumult win

And safely land my two-oared skiff and me.

F. C.

ODE III. xxx.

THE POET'S IMMORTALITY

MY monument is finished ; it will last
Longer than bronze, and reach a loftier height
Than royal Pyramids ; it will remain
 Unharmed by gnawing rain
 Or furious North-wind blast
Through countless links of years and ages' flight.

Not all of me shall die ; a part not small
Shall Libitina never hold in thrall,
 But I shall grow into the future, still
In fame renewed. So long as Pontiffs climb
 With silent vestals up the Sacred Hill,
On to the Capitol, I, risen sublime
From low estate, where the wild waters fall

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Of thundering Aufidus, where Daunus ruled
A peasant people in an arid plain,
Shall be renowned as he who first of all
Æolian song to modes Italian schooled.

Melpomene, no honours could I gain
Save through thy merits ; then accept them,
thou,
And graciously with Delphic laurels deign
To wreathe my brow.

F. C.

ODE IV. iii.

THE POET'S REWARD

No Isthmian toil shall win for him the praise
That a great boxer's name doth oft adorn,
Whom thou, Melpomene, with favouring gaze
Hast once beheld, the hour when he was born.

In no Achæan car shall fiery steeds
Draw him as victor, nor for having wrecked
The menaces of kings, shall martial deeds
Display him to the Capitol, bedecked

With Delian bay-leaves ; but the flood beside
The fields of fertile Tibur, that along
The heavy tresses of her groves doth glide,
Shall make him famous in Æolian song.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

The sons of Rome, Queen City, now confess

My rank is in the poet's pleasant choirs,

And hence from Envy's fang I suffer less.

Pierian maid, well-skilled the sweet-toned wires

Of the golden shell to modulate, O thou,

Who the dumb fish (were it thy choice to try)

Could'st with the music of the swan endow,

'Tis due to thee alone that passers-by

Point to me with the finger : " See," they say,

" The minstrel of the Roman lyre." The song

I breathe, and, pleasing whom I may,

The power to please at all to thee belong.

F. C.

ODE IV. xii.

THE INVITATION

COMPANIONS of the Spring, soft Thracian gales
Now moderate the sea and fill the sails ;
No more the meadows freeze nor rivers flow
Clamouring and turgid with the winter snow.

Now builds the bird her nest, whose mournful
song

Bewails her Itys, his eternal wrong,
Reproachful of the house of Cecrops still
For savage lust avenged by savage ill ;

And guardians of fat sheep, on grass new-grown,
Discourse upon their pipes in various tone,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Pleasing the god who loves the flocks and
ground

Where hills of Arcady with woods are crowned.

Virgil, the season makes us all incline—
Come, drink a goblet of Calenian wine ;
Yet, if it tempt thee, nobly-patroned bard,
Thou must deserve it by a gift of nard.

An onyx box of nard, to charm the cask
From the Sulpician vaults, is all I ask ;
A little box, to lure wine's ample skill
To wash out bitter care and hopes instil.

Does such a chance entice thee to be gay ?
Then let us barter goods without delay ;
If in my cups I steep thee, 'tis not right
To leave thee unamerced, as rich men might.

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Come ! not unmindful of the funeral flame,
Let some brief folly part of wisdom claim ;
May nothing hinder nor self-interest rule ;
'Tis sweet, when opportune, to play the fool.

F. C.

EPODE xvi.

A NATIONAL EMIGRATION

A SECOND generation now is ground

By civil war ; Rome falls by her own might,

Whom nor the neighbouring Marsian could confound,

Nor threatening Porsena's Etruscan smite ;

Whom ne'er the Gaul, in revolution's hour

Found false, nor Hannibal, by parents hated,

Fierce Spartacus, nor Capua's rival power,

Nor wild young blue-eyed Germans dominated :

An impious generation, curst in blood,

We, we shall ruin her ; wild beasts will make

Their dens in her, the savage conqueror brood

Over her ashes, and the rider shake

The ground where once she stood, with ringing
clatter

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Of horses' hoofs, and (be such sights forbidden)
Quirinus' bones in wantonness will scatter,

That now from sun and wind are safely hidden.

Do you all seek deliverance from this woe ?

Or if not all, then those accounted best ?

There is no better plan than this : to go

Where'er the South wind or the boisterous West
Across the waves shall call you, or your feet

O'er land shall bear you ; the Phocæans went
From their ancestral gods and fields of wheat,

With oaths that bound them to like banishment,
Leaving their temples to become the lair

Of boars and ravening wolves. What do you
say ?

Who better can advise ? The hour is fair ;

Why then to board the ship do we delay ?

Leave sighs to women, ye of manly soul ;

Past the Etruscan coast, quick, to the quest !

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

The girdling ocean waits us ; be our goal

The Happy Fields and Islands of the Blest ;

There yields the unploughed earth the yearly grain,

The timely fruit by vines unpruned is borne,

The olive never fails to bud again,

And the dark figs their mother-tree adorn ;

There from the hollow ilex honey flows,

The splash-foot streamlets from the mountain
spring,

The goat, unbidden, to the milking goes,

And the tame herd their swelling udders bring.

Hither the strenuous Argive oarsmen brought

No pine-built ship ; the shameless Colchian set

Not here her foot, nor the Sidonians sought

To trim their sails upon this course, nor yet

Ulysses, with his labour-weary crew.

Jove, for a pious nation's heritage

Has kept these shores secluded, since he threw

The bronze alloy into the Golden Age,

ICARIAN FLIGHTS

Which afterwards with iron he made hard ;

But from this hardness there is happy flight

For all the pious, if they deem their bard

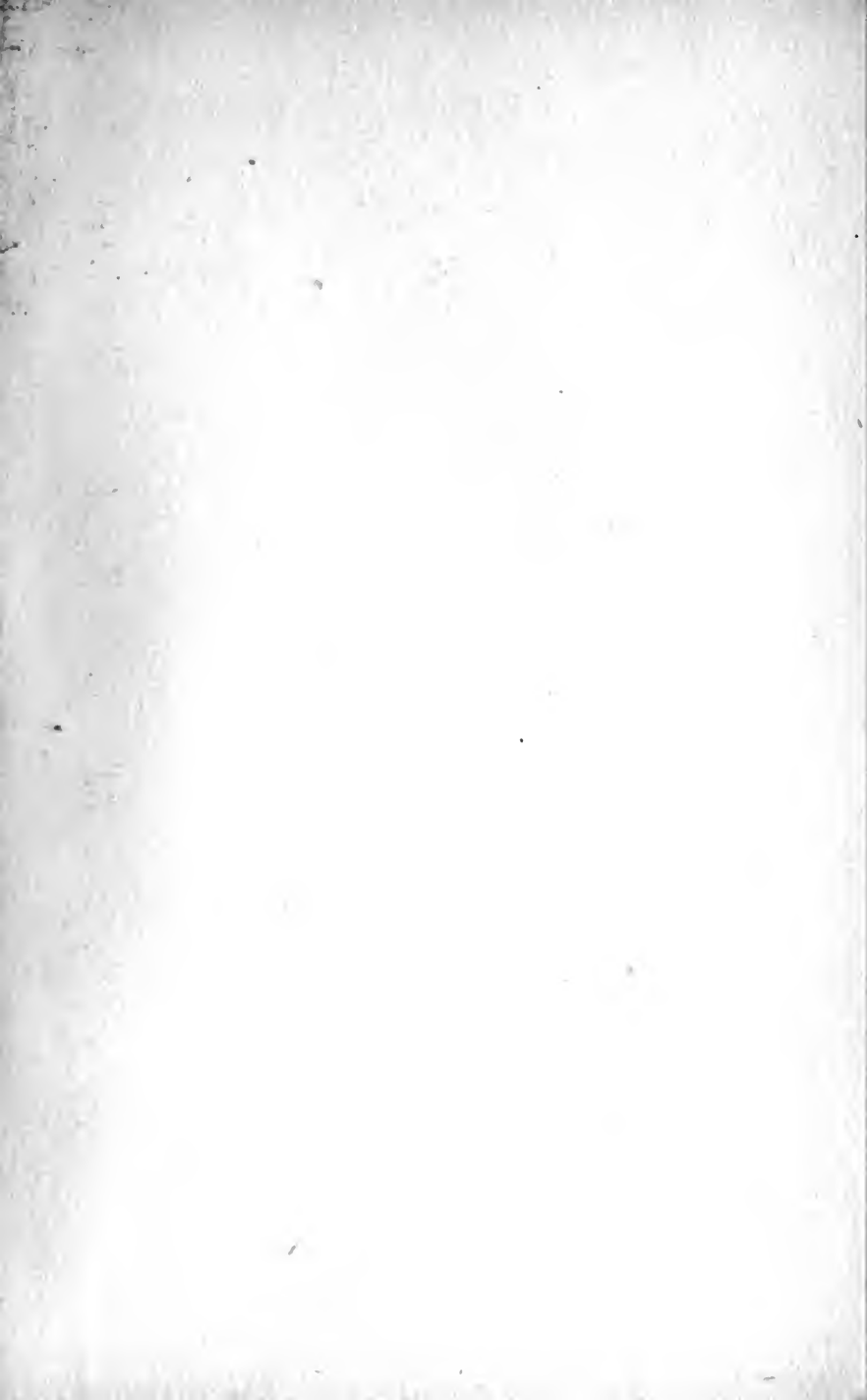
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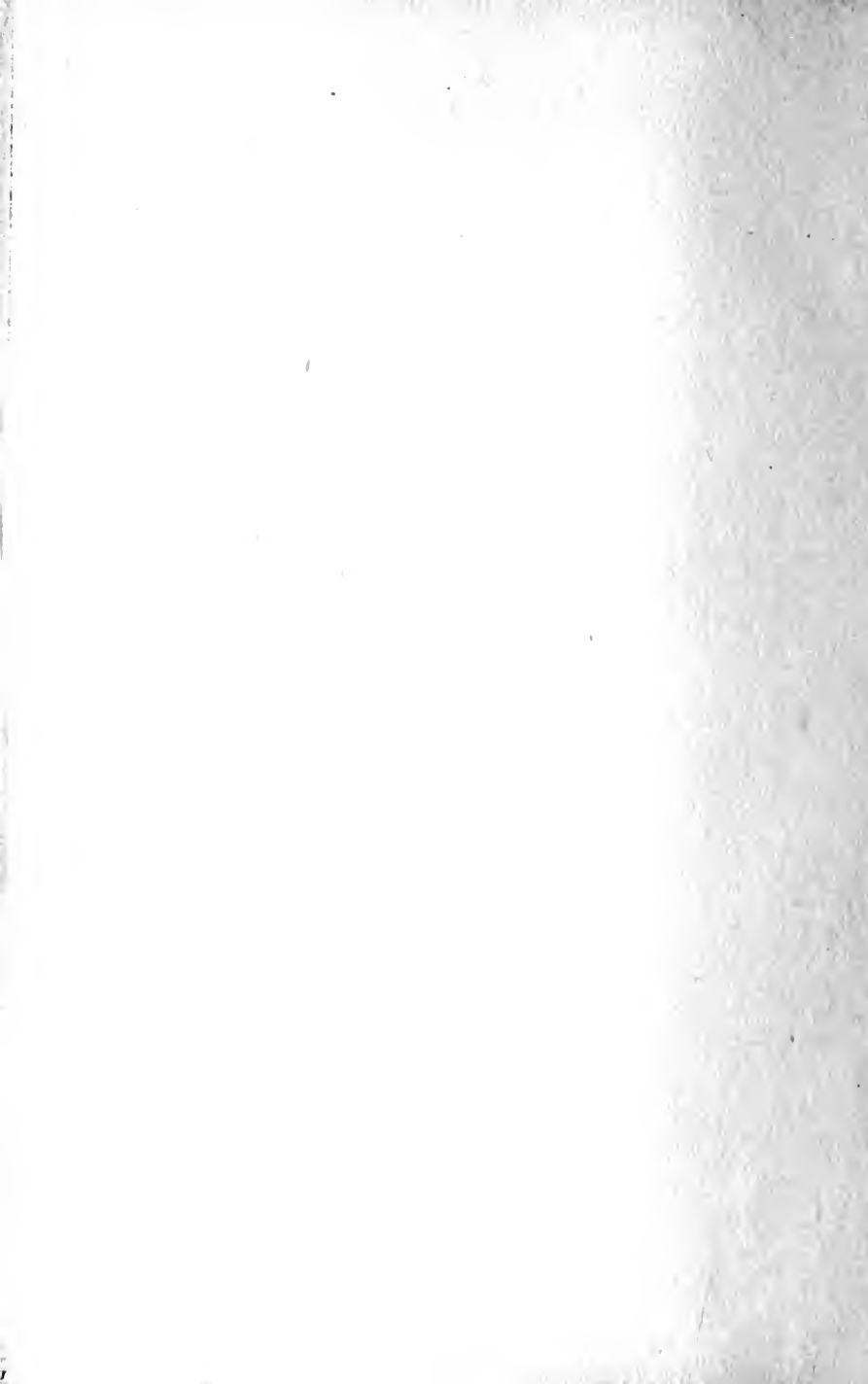
F. C.

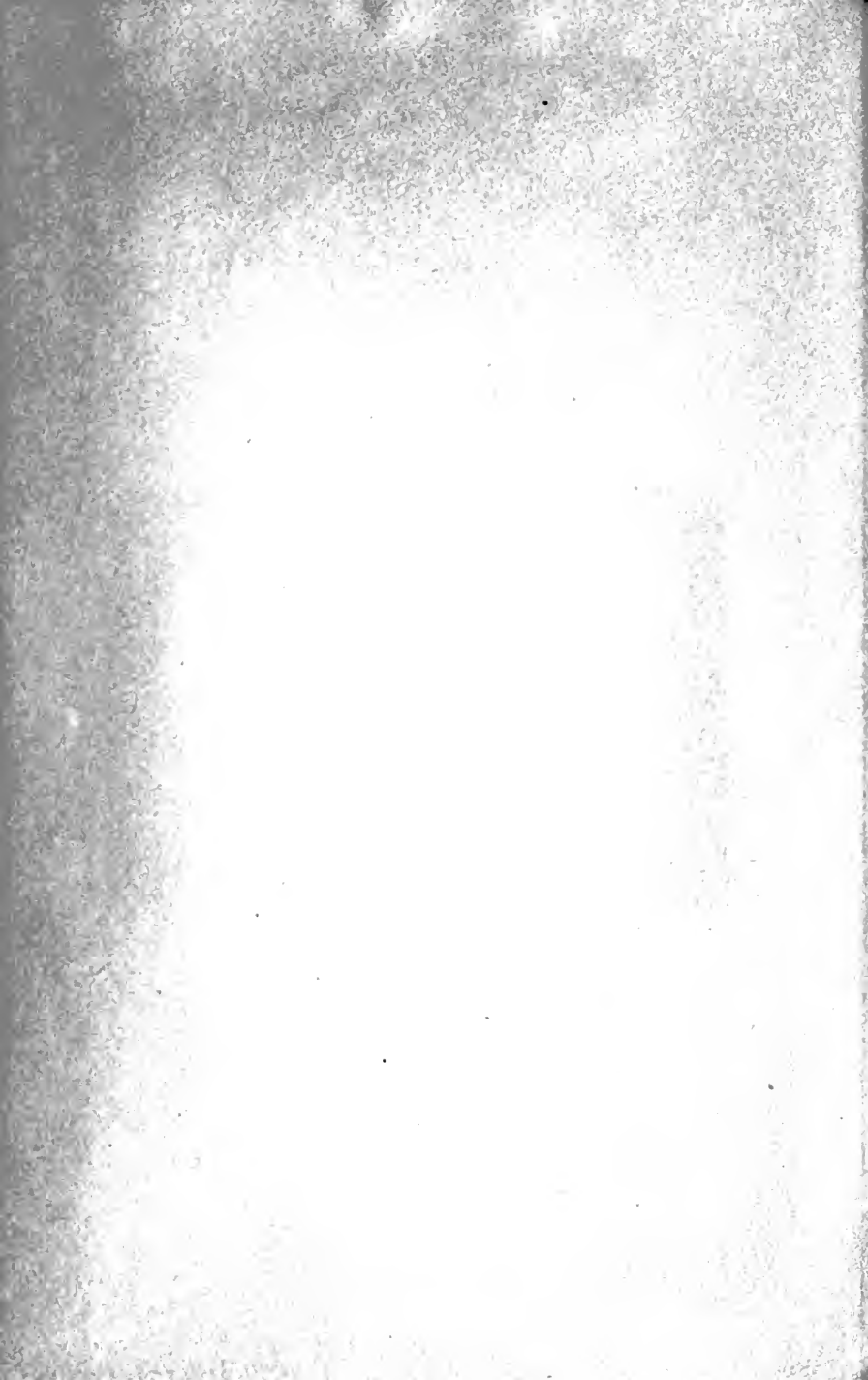
L. 6. *Parentibus abominatus*. Perhaps "abhorred by our forefathers."

L. 44. *To trim their sails. Torserunt cornua*. The nautical term would perhaps be "braced the yards."

I omit lines 25-28, 51-56, 61 and 62 (see Note to Ode III. iv.).







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